THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1903

TRINKET'S 3 COLT

By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross

T WAS petty sessions Cay in Skebawn, a cold, gray day of February. A case of trespass had dragged its burden of cross summonses and cross swear-ing far into the afternoon, and when I left the bench my head was singing from the bellowings of the at-torneys, and the smell of their clients was heavy upon

torneys, and the smell of their clients was heavy upon my palate.

The streets still testified to the fact that it was market day, and I evaded with difficulty the sinuous course of carts full of sodden people, and steered an equally devious one for myself among the groups anchored round the doors of public houses. Skebawn possesses, among its legion of public houses, one establishment which timorously, and almost imperceptibly, proffers tea to the thirsty. I turned in there, as was my custom on court days, and found the little dingy den known as the Ladies' Coffee Room in the occupancy of my friend Florence McCarthy Knox, who was drinking strong tea and eating burs with serious simplicity. It was a first and quite unexpected glimpse of that domesticity that has now become a marked feature in his character.

"You're the very man I wanted to see," I said, as I sat down beside him at the officioth-covered table. "A man I know in England, who is not much of a judge of character, has asked me to buy him a 4-year-old down here, and as I should rather be stuck by a friend than a dealer, I wish you'd take over the Job."

Flurry poured himself out another cup of tea and

Flurry poured himself out another cup of tea and dropped three lumps of sugar into it in silence. Finally he said: "There isn't a 4-year-old in this

Finally he said: "There isn't a 4-year-old in this country that I'd be seen dead with at a pig fair."

This was discouraging, from the premier authority on horse flesh in the district.

"But it isn't six weeks since you told me you had the finest filly in your stables that was ever foaled in the County Cork," I protested; "what's wrong with her?"

in the County Cork," I protested; "what's wrong with her?"

"Oh, is it that filly?" said Mr. Knox, with a lengent smile. "She's gone these three weeks from me. I swapped her and £6 for a 3-year-old Ironmonger colt, and after that I swapped the colt and £19 for that Bandon horse I rode last week at your place, and after that again I sold the Bandon horse for £75 to old Welply, and I had to give him back a couple of sovereigns luck money. You see, I did pretty well with the filly, after all."

"Yes, yes—oh, rather," I assented, as one dizzily accepts the propositions of a bimetallist, "And you don't know of anything else?"

The room in which we were seated was closely screened from the shop by a door with a muslincurtained window in it. Several of the panes were broken, and at this juncture two voices that had for some time carried on a discussion forced themselves upon our attention,

"Begging your pardon for contradicting you."

some time carried on a discussion forced themselves upon our attention.

"Begging your pardon for contradicting you, ma'am," said the voice of Mrs. McDonald, proprietress of the tea shop, and a leading light in Skebawn dissenting circles, shrilly tremulous with indignation; "if the servants I recommend you won't stop with you it's no fault of mine. If respectable young girls are set picking grass out of your gravel in place of their proper work, certainly they will give warning."

The voice that replied struck me as being a notable one, well bred and imperious,

"When I take a barefooted slut out of a cabin I don't expect her to dictate to me what her duties are."

Flurry jerked up his chin in a noiseless laugh.
"It's my grandmother," he whispered. "I bet you Mrs. McDonald don't get much change out of her."

"If I set her to clean the pigsty I expect her to obey me," continued the voice, in accents that would have made me clean forty pigsties had she desired me to do so.

"Very well ma'am" retorted Mrs. McDonald: "If

"Very well, ma'am," retorted Mrs. McDonald: "if that's the way you treat your servants you needn't come here again looking for them. I consider your conduct is neither that of a lady nor a Christian."
"Don't you, indeed?" replied Flurry's grandmother. "Well, your opinion doesn't greatly distress me, for to tell you the truth, I don't think you're much of a judge."

for to tell you the truth, I don't think you're mach of a judge."
"Didn't I tell you she'd score?" murmured Flurry, who was by this time applying his eye to a hole in the muslin curtain. "She's off," he vent on, returning to his tea. "She's a great character! She's 83 if she's a day, and she's as sound on her legs as a 3-year-old! Did you see that old syandryden of hers in the street awhile ago, and a fellow on the box with a red beard on him like Robinson Crusoe? That old mare that was on the near side—Trinket her name is—is mighty near clean bred. I can tell you her foals are worth a bit of money."

worth a bit of money."
I had heard of old Mrs. Knox of Aussolas; indeed, tearing some new story of her and her remarkable nenage, but it had not yet been my privilege to meet

Well, now," went on Flurry, in his slow voice "I'll tell you a thing that's just come into my head.

My grandmother promised me a foal of Trinket's the
day I was one and twenty, and that's five years ago. and deuce a one I've got from her yet. You never were at Aussolas? No: you were not. Well, 1 tell ou the place there is like a circus with horses. She has a couple of score of them running wild in the

"Oh, come." I said: "I'm a bit of a liar myself"—
"Well, she has a dozen of them, anyhow: rattling
good colts, too, some of them, but they might as well
be donkeys, for all the good they are to me or anyone.
It's not once in three years she sells one, and there she has them walking after her for bits of sugar, like a lot of dirty lapdogs," ended Flurry with disgust.
"Well, what's your plan? Do you want me to make her a bid for one of the lapdogs?"

make her a bid for one of the lapdogs."

"I was thinking." replied Flurry, with great deliberation, "that my birthday's next week, and maybe I could work a 4-year-old colt of Trinket's she has out of her in honor of the occasion."

"And sell your grandmother's birthday present

'Just that, I suppose," answered Flurry, with a

slow wink.

A few days afterward a letter from Mr. Knox me that Mrs. Knox had been good enough to offer me, with him, a day's snipe shooting on the celebrated Aussolas bogs, and he proposed to drive me there the following Monday, if convenient. Most people found it convenient to shoot the Aussolas snipe bog when they got the chance. Eight o'clock on the following Monday morning saw Flurry, myself and a groom packed into a dogcart, with portmanteaus, gun cases and two rampant red setters. It was a long drive, twelve miles at least, and a very cold one. We passed through long tracts of pasture country, fraught, for Flurry, with memories of runs, which were recorded for me, fence by fence, in every one of which the biggest dog-fox in the country had gone

fraught, for Flurry, with memories of runs, which were recorded for me, fence by fence, in every one of which the biggest dog-fox in the country had gone to ground, with not two feet—measured accurately on the handle of the whip—between him and the leading hound; through bogs that imperceptibly melted into lakes, where the fir trees of Aussolas clustered darkly around a glittering lake, and all but hid the gray roofs and pointed gables of Aussolas castle.

"There's a nice stretch of demesne for you," remarked Flurry, pointing downward with the whip, and one little old woman holding it all in the heel of her fist. Well able to hold it she is, too, and always was, and she'll live twenty years yet, if it's only to spite the whole lot of us, and when all's said and done, goodness knows how she'll leave it!"

"It strikes me you were lucky to keep her up to her promise about the colt," I said.

Flurry administered a composing kick to the ceaseless strivings of the red setters under the seat.

"I used to be rather a pet with her," he said, after a pause; "but mind you, I haven't got him yet, and if she gets any notion I want to sell him I'll never get him; so say nothing about the business to her."

The tall gates of Aussolas shrieked on their himses as they admitted us, and shut with a clang the said and us, in the faces of an old mare and a complex of the country of the man and a counter of the country of the man and a counter of the country of the man and a counter of the country of the promise and a counter of the man and a hinges as they admitted us, and shut with a clang healind us, in the faces of an old mare and a couple of young horses, who, foiled in their break for the excitements of the outer world, turned and galloped

excitements of the outer world, turned and galloped defiantly on either side of us. Flurry's admirable cob hammered on, regardless of all things save his duty.

"He is the only one I have that I'd trust myself here with," said his master, flicking him approvingly with the whip; "there are plenty of people afraid to come here at all, and when my grandmother goes out driving she has a boy on the box with a basket full or stones to peg at them. Talk of the dickens, here the is herself!"

A short, upright old woman was approaching the

A short, upright old woman was approaching, pre-

A short, apright old woman was approaching, he coded by a white, we olly dog with sore eyes and a bark like a tin trumpet; we both got out of the trap and advanced to meet the lady of the manor.

I may summarize her attire by saying that she looked as if she had robbed a scarecrow; her face was looked as if she had robbed a scarcerow; her face was small and incongruously refined, the skinny hand that she extended to me had the grubby tan that bespoke

said, with an old-fashioned precision of utterance, "Your grandfather was a dancing partner of mine in old-days at the castle when he was a handsome young aide-de-camp there, and I was-you may judge for yourself what I was."

She ended with a startling little hoot of laughter, and I was aware that she quite realized the world's opinion of her, and was indifferent to it.

Our way to the bogs took up across Mrs. Knox's home farm, and through a large field, in which several young horses were grazing.

"There, now, that's my rellow," said Flurry, pointing to a fine looking colt; "the chestnut with the white diamond on his forehead. He'll run into three figures before he's done; but we'll not tell that to the old lady."

The famous Aussolas bogs were as full of snipe as usual, and a good deal fuller of water than any bogs I had ever shot before. I was on my day, and Flurry was not; and as he is ordinarily an infinitely better snipe shot than I, I felt at peace with the world

The said and a good deal fuller of water than any bogs I had ever shot before. I was on my day, and Flurry was not; and as he is ordinarily an infinitely better snipe shot than I, I felt at peace with the world

The said him; also, that If I didn't want him he'd be glad enough to keep him himself; and, finally, that I wasn't the chap to ge back on a friend, but I was welcome to drive back to Shreelane with Michael this minute if I liked.

Of course I yielded in the end. I told Flurry I should loze my job over the business, and he said I could then marry his grandmother, and the discussion was abruptly closed by the necessity of following slipper over a locked five-barred gate.

Our ploneer took us over about half a mile of country, knocking down stone gaps where practicable and scrambling over tall banks in the deceptive moonlight. We found ourselves at length in a field with a shed in one corner of it: In a dim group of farm buildings a little way off a light was shiring.

"Wait here," said Flurry to me in a whisper: "the less noise the better



She broke off and shook her fist at him, "Upon my conscience, T ony, I'd give a guinea to have thought of it myself."

and all men as we walked back, wet through, at 5 | colleagues glided like spectres into the shadow of the

The sunset had waned, and a big white moon was The sunset had waned, and a big white moon was making the eastern tower of Aussolas look like a thing in a fairy tale or a play when we arrived at the half door. An individual, whom I-recognized as the Robinson Crusoe coachman, admitted us to a half the like of which one does not often see. The walls were paneled with dark oak up to the gallery that ran around three sides of it, the balusters on the wide staircase were heavily carved, and blackened portraits of Flurry's ancestors on the spindle side stared sourly down on their descendant as he tramped upstairs with the bog mold on his hobnailed boots.

We had just changed into dry clothes when Robinson Crusoe shoved his red beard round the corner of the door with the information that the mistress said we were to stay for dinner. My heart sank. It

said we were to stay for dinner. My heart sank. It was then barely half-past 5, I said something about having no evening clothes and having to get home

Sure, the dinner'll be in another half hour," said

Robinson Crusoe, joining hospitably in the conversation; "and as for evening clothes—God bless ye."

The door closed behind him.

"Never mind," said Flurry. "I dare say you'll be glad enough to eat another dinner by the time you get home." He laughed, "Poor Slipper!" he added, inconsequently, and only laughed again when I asked

Old Mrs. Knox received us in the library, where she was seated by a roaring turf fire, which lighted the room a good deal more effectively than the pair of candles that stood beside her in tall silver candleof candles that stood beside her in tall sliver candle-sticks. Ceaseless and implacable growls from under her chair indicated the presence of the woolly dog. She talked with confounding culture of the books that rose all round her to the ceiling; her evening dress was accomplished by means of an additional white shawl, rather dirtler than its congeners; as I took her in to dinner she quoted Virgil to me, and in the same breath screeched an objurgation at a being whose matted head rose suddenly into view behind an

whose matied head rose suddenly into view behind an ancient Chinese screen, as I have seen the head of a Zulu woman peer over a bush.

Dinner was as incongruous as everything else. Detestable soup in a splendid old silver tureen that was nearly as dark in hue as Robinson Crusoe's thumb: a perfect salmon, perfectly cooked, on a chipped kitchen dish; such cut glass as is not easy to find nowadays: sherry that, as Flurry subsequently remarked, would burn the shell off an egg; and a bottle of port draped in immemorial cobwebs, wan with age and probably priceless. Throughout the vicissitudes of the meal Mrs. Knox's conversation flowed on undismayed, directed sorietimes at me—she had installed me in the position of friend of her youth, and talked to me as if I were my own grandfather—sometimes at Crusoc, with whom she had several heated arguments, and sometimes she would make a statement of remarkable frankness on the subject of statement of remarkable frankness on the subject of her horse farming affairs to Flurry, who, very muc

her horse farming affairs to Flurry, who, very much on his best behavior, agreed with all she said and risked no original remark. As I liztened to them both I remembered with infinite amusement how he had told me once that "a pet name she had for him was Tony Lumpkin," and no one but herself knew what she meant by it." It seemed strange that she my le no allusion to Trinket's colt or to Flurry's birthday, but, mindful of my instructions, I held my peace,
As, at about 8:30, we drove away in the moonlight, Flurry congratulated me solemnly on my success with his grandmother. He was good enough to tell me that she would marry me tomorrow if I asked her, and he wished I would, even if it was only to see what a nice grandson he'd be for me. A sympathetic giggle behind me told me that Michael, on the back seat, had heard and relished the jest.

We had left the gates of Aussolas about half a mile behind, when, at the corner of a by-road, Plurry pulled up. A short, squat figure arose from the black shadow of a furze bush and came out into the moonlight, swinging its arms like a cabman and cursing and this content of the said that the moonlight, swinging its arms like a cabman and cursing

light, swinging its arms like a cabman and cursing

"Oh, murdher; oh, murdher, Misther Flurry! What kept ye at all? 'Twould perish the crows to be

"Ah, shut your mouth, Slipper," said Flurry, who, to my surprise, had turned back the rug and was taking off his driving coat. "I couldn't help it. Come on, Yeates, we've got to get out here."

"What for?" I asked, in not unnatural bewilder-

"It's all right. I'll to you as we go along," re-"It's all right. I'll tell you as we go along." replied my companion, who was already turning to follow Slipper up the by-road. "Take the trap on, Michael, and wait at the River's Cross." He waited for me to come up with him, and then put his hand on my arm. "You see, Major, this is the way it is, My grandmother's given me the colt right enough, but if I waited for her to send him over to me I'd never see a hair of his tail. So I just thought that as we were over here we might as well take him back with us, and maybe you'll give us a help with him; he'll not be altogether too handy for a first go-off."

I was staggered. As infant in arms could scarcely have failed to discern the fishiness of the trans-

I was staggered. As infant in arms could scarceall and incongruously refined, the skinny hand that
action, and the grubby tan that bespoke
professional gardener, and was decorated with a
gnificent diamond ring. On her head was a masspurple velvet bonnet.
"I am very glad to meet you, Major Yeates," sha

shed, leaving me to meditate on my duties as resident magistrate, and on the questions that would be asked in the house by our local member when Slipper had given away the adventure is als cups.

In less than a minute three shadows emerged from

"He came out as quiet as a calf when he winded

"He came out as quiet as a cair when he wholes the sugar," said Flurry; "it was well for me I filled my pockets from grandmother's sugar basin."

He and Slipper had a rope from each side on the colt's head; they took him quickly across a field toward a gate. The colt stepped daintily between them over the moonlit grass; he snorted occasionally, but appeared on the whole amenable.

but appeared on the whole amenable.

The trouble began later, and was due, as trouble often is, to the beguilements of a short cut. Against the maturer judgment of Slipper, Flurry insisted on following a route that he assured us he knew hs well as his own pocket, and the consequence was that in about five minutes I found myself standing on top of a

about five minutes I found myself standing on top of a bank hanging on to a rope, on the other end of which the colt dangled and danced, while Flurry, with the other rope, lay prone in the dlich, and Slipper, administered to the bewildered colt's hindquarters such chastisement as could be ventured on.

I have no space to narrate in detail the atrocious difficulties and disasters of the short cut, How the colt set to work to buck, and went away across a field, dragging the faithful Slipper, literally ventre-aterre, after him, while I picked myself in ignoming out of a briar patch, and Flurry cursed himself black out of a briar patch, and Flurry cursed himself black in the face. How we were attacked by feroclous cur dogs, and I lost my eyeglass; and how, as we neared the River's Cross, Flurry espied the police patrol on the road, and we all hid behind a rick of turf, while I realized in fullness what an exceptional ass I was to have been beguiled into an enterprise that involved hiding with Slipner from the Payal Irish constable. hiding with Slipper from the Royal Irish constabu-

Let it suffice to say that Trinket's infernal offspring was finally handed over on the high road to Michael and Slipper, and Flurry drove me home in a

I saw nothing of my friend Mr. Knox for thein next couple of days, by the end of which time I had worked up a high polish on my misgivings and had determined to tell him that under no circumstances

I saw nothing of my friend Mr. Knox for the next couple of days, by the end of which time I had worked up a high polish on my misgivings and had determined to tell him that under no circumstances would I have anything to say to his grandmother's birthday present. It was like my usual luck that, instead of writing a note to this effect, I thought it would be good for my liver to walk across the hills to Tory cottage and tell Flurry so in person.

It was a bright, blustry morning, after a muggy day. The feeling of spring was in the air, the daffordils were already in bud and crocuses showed purple in the grass on either side of the avenue. It was only a couple of miles to Tory cottage by the way across the hills. I walked fast, and it was barely 12 o'clock wheat I saw its pink walls and clumps of evergieens below me. As I looked down at it the chiming of Flurry's hounds in the kennels came to me on the wind. I stood still to listen, and could almost have sworn that I was hearing again the clash of Magdalen bells hard at work on May morning.

The path that I was following led downward through a large plantation to Flurry's back gate. Hot wafts from some hideous caldron at the other side of a wall apprised me of the vicinity of the kenrels and their cuisine, and the fir trees round were hung with grewsome and unknown joints, I thanked heaven that I was not a master of hounds, and passed on as quickly as might be to the hall door.

I rang two or three times without response; then the door opened a couple of inches and was instantly slammed in my face. I heard the hurried padding of bare feet on oilcloth and a voice: "Hurry Bridge, holding a dirty cap on with one hand, presently arrived and informed me that she believed Mr. Knox was out about the place. She seemed perturbed, and she cast scared glances down the drivo while speaking to me.

I knew enough of Flurry's habits to shape a tolerally direct course for his whereabouts. He was, as I had expected, in the training paddock, a field behind the stable yard, in whic

"It's a good job for you I didn't," replied Flurry.

"it's a good job for you I didn't," replied Fidn'y,
"as the police are on their way to Shreelane this,
minute to consult you about it. You!" He gave utterance to one of his short diabolical fits of laughter.
"He's where they'll not find him, anyhow. Ho! Ho!
It's the funniest hand I ever piayed!"

"Oh, yes, it's devilish funny, I've no doubt," I
retorted, beginning to lose my temper, as is the manner of many people when they are frightened; "but
I give you fair warning that if Mrs. Knox asks me
any questions about it, I shall tell her the whold
story."

"All right," responded Flurry; "and when you do, don't forget to tell her how you flogged the colt out on the road over her own bounds ditch."

"Very well," I said, hotly, "I may as well go home and send in my papers. They'll break me over this"—

this"—
"Ah, hold on, Major," said Flurry, soothingly:
"it'll be all right. No one knows anything. It's only
on spec the old lady sent the bobbies here. If you'll
keep quiet it'll all blow over."

"I don't care," I said, struggling hopelessly in the
tolls: "If I meet your grandmother and she asks me

tolls; "If I meet your grandmother and she asks me about it I shall tell her all I know."

toils; "If I meet your grandmother and she asks me about it I shall tell her all I know."

"Please God, you'll not meet her! After all, it's not once in a blue moon that she"— began Flurry. Even as he said the words his face changed. "Holy fly!" he ejaculated: "isn't that her dog coming into the field? Look at her bonnet over the wall! Hide, hide for your life!" He caught me by the shoulder and shoved me down among the furze bushes before I realized what had happened.

"Get in there! Fli talk to her."

I may as well confess that at the mere sight of Mrs. Knox's purple bomnet my heart had turned to water. In that moment I knew what it would be like to tell her how I, having eaten her salmon, and capped her quotations, and drunk her best port, had gone forth and helped to steal her horse. I abandoned my dignity, my sense of honor: I took the furze prickles to my breast and wallowed in them.

Mrs. Knox had advanced with vengeful speed; already she was in high altercation with Flurry at no great distance from where I lay: varying sounds of battle reached me, and I gathered that Flurry was not—to put it middly—shrinking from that economy of truth that the situation required.

"Is it that curby, long-backed brute? You promised him to me long ago, but I wouldn't be bothered with him!"

The old lady uttered a laugh of shrill derision.

"The old lady uttered a laugh of shrill derision,
"Is it likely I'd promise you my best colt? And, still
more, is it likely that you'd refuse him if I did?"

"Very well, ma'am." Flurry's voice was admirably indignant. "Then I suppose I'm a liar and a
thist?"

"Very well, ma'am." Flurry's voice was admirably indignant. "Then I suppose I'm a liar and a thief."

"Td be more obliged to you for the information if I hadn't know it before," responded his grandmother with lightning speed; "if you swore to me on a stack of Bibles you knew nothing about my colt I wouldn't believe you. I shall go straight to Major Yeates and ask his advice. I believe him to be a gentleman, m spite of the company he keeps!"

I withered deeper into the furze bushes, and thereby discovered a sandy rabbit run, along which I crawled, with my cap well over my eyes and the furze needles stabbing me through my stockings. The ground shelved a little, promising profounder concealment, but the bushes were very thick and I laid hold of the bare stem of one to help my progress, It lifted out of the ground in my hand, revealing a freshly cut stump. Something snorted not a yard away: I glared through the opening and was confronted by the long, horrified face of Mrs. Knox's colt, mysteriously on a level with my own.

Even without the white diamond on his forehead I should have divined the truth, But what in the name of wonder had persuaded him to couch like a woodcock in the heart of a furze brake? For a full minute I lay as still as death for fear of frightening him, while the voices of Flurry and his grandmother raged on alarmingly close to me. The colt snorted and biew long breaths through his wide nostrils, but he did not move. I crawled an inch or two nearer, and after a few seconds of cautious peering I grasped the position. They had buried him.

A small sandpit among the furze had been utilized as a grave: they had filled him in up to his withers with sand and a few furze bushes, artistically disposed around the pit, had done the rest. As the depth of Flurry's guile was revealed laughter came upon me like a flood. I gurgled and shook apoplectically, and the colt gazed at me with serious surprise, until a sudden outburst of barking close to my elbow administered a fresh shock to my tottering nerves.

Mr

Mrs. Knox's woolly dog had tracked me into the furze, and was now baying the colt and me with mingled terror and indignation. I addressed him in a whisper with perfidious endearments, advancing a crafty hand toward him the while, made a snatch for crafty hand toward him the while, made a shareh to the back of his neck, missed it badly and got him by the ragged fleece of his hindquarters as he tried to flee. If I had flayed him alive he could hardly have uttered a more deafening series of yells, but, like a fool, instead of letting him go, I dragged him toward me, and tried to stifle the noise by holding his muzzle.

me, and tried to stifle the noise by holding his muzzle. The tussle lasted engrossingly for a few seconds, and then the climax of the nightmane arrived.

Mrs. Knox's voice, close behind me, said: "Let go my dog this instant, sir! Who are you"—

Her voice faded away and I knew that she also had seen the colt's head.

I positively felt sorry for her. At her age there was no knowing what effect the shock might have on her. I scrambled to my feet and confronted her. "Major Yeates!" said she. There was a deathly pause. "Will you kindly tell me," said Mrs. Knox, slowly, "am I in Bedlam, or are you? And what is that?"

She pointed to the colt, and that unfortunate ani-She pointed to the colt, and that unfortunate animal, recognizing the voice of his mistress, uttered a hoarse and lamentable whinny. Mrs. Knox felt around her for support, found only furze prickles, gazed speechlessly at me, and then, to her eternal honor, fell into wild cackles of laughter.

So, I may say, did Flurry and I. I embarked on my explanation and broke down; Flurry followed suit and broke down, too. Overwhelming laughter held us all three, disintegrating our very souls. Mrs. Knox pulled herself together first.

"I acquit you, Major Yeates; I acquit you, though appearances are against you. It's clear enough to me

"Tacquit you, Major Feates; I acquit you, though appearances are against you. It's clear enough to me you've fallen among thieves." She stopped and glowered at Flurry. Her purple bonnet was over one eye. "I'll thank you, sir," she said, "to dig out that horse before I leave this place. And when you've dug him out you may keep him. I'll be no receiver of stolen goods!"

She broke off and shook her fist at him, "Upon my conscience, Tony, I'd give a guinea to have thought of it myself!"

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Cured Him of Smoking. (New York Mail and Express.)

Parker, for so many years proprietor of the famous Parker house, on Broadway, near Thirty-first street, may be seen almost every day around the Imperial, at lunch at the Arena, or somewhere in the vicinity of

his old stamping grounds.

His many years' experience as a boniface has endowed him with a fund of reminiscences, and the other day, while in a communicative mood, he was telling a friend how he gave up smoking. It seems that he had formed the habit of smoking ifteen cigars a day and spent most of his time at the ashler's desk 'day and spent most of his time at the cashier's desk and the cigar case.

One day Governor Morgan, who was a regular patron, stepped up to the desk to pay his bill, saying

"Mr. Parker, I want to give you a word of advice, I am a customer, of yours, and as such, you have no right to stand behind that desk and blow the tobacco smoke from your cigar in my face."

That advice was given over forty years ago, and Parker has never smoked from that day.

The Affluent Agriculturist.

(Washington Star.) "Why do they always portray the farmer as pur-chasing gold bricks?"

"That's easy explained," answered Mr. Corntossel;
"the farmer's the feller that's got the cash these days;
the other people is hustlin' to get some of it by any

trick they can fix up.'

Hadn't Heard of the Strike.

(Chicago Tribune.)
St. Louis Man—You have to pay \$14 a ton for coal?
We can get it in our town for \$10.
Kansas City Man—Huh! The people in your town haven't heard yet that there's been a coal strike.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 32.

All Kinds of Pretty Jewelry Pieces at Clean-Up Prices.

Hundreds-looks as though there might be thousands-of brooches, stick pins, belt pins, pin set cuff buttons, hat pins, baby pin sets, and a whole lot of others, in all the settings and shapes ever known are gathered together for this clearance.

At 8c. Stick pins, brooches, belt pins that formerly sold at 15 to 25c each.

At 16c. Brooches, belt pins, hat pins, stick pins, pin set cuff buttons that were 25 and 35c each.

At 19c. Belt Buckles in gold, French gray silver, oxidized silver and black, that were 25 to 40c each.

At 27c. Brooches, belt pins, stick pins, baby pin sets, cuff buttons, Egyptian

watch fobs that were 35 to 50c each. At 9c, Hat Pins of every style, sold at 15c each.

Found in Stationery Store.

Some Hurlbut writing paper, the Roxboro-satin, antique and bond finish, ruled or plain, Dresden and Saxon blue, white and lotus shade. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday reduced from 25c a box to-19c.

Florida Water and a few other toilet waters, three-ounce bottles reduced from 25c to-15c.

Craddock's medicated Blue soap, three days 19c a box instead of 30c.

Pyralin dressing combs, 20c kind for

Rubber fine combs, three days reduced from 5c each to 3 for 5c.

Colgate Violet Talcum powder -- a superior article, delightfully fragrant and well liked. Put up in tin boxes and sold always at 25c. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday-15c.

Colgate Antiseptic Dental powder reduced from 25c a bottle to-15c.

Belts, Pocket Books.

Ooze leather belts, tan and gray shades only, that were formerly 75c, Monday and until all are gone, choice -22c.

Genuine seal leather pocket books, black only, a little lot; last Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, possibly; reduced from \$1.50 each to-98c. The \$1 kinds

In Notion Store.

Diamond ball and socket fasteners, silver and black. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, reduced from 10c a dozen to-5c.

Black pins, with bright color heads, one dozen on card. Sold at 5c a card. Three days, 3 cards—5c.

Feather stitched braids, white and colors, 6-yard pieces. Monday, and until a little lot goes, instead of 10c each

Cube pin, 100 count, jet and assorted colors, were 10c each, now-6c.

White House Cook Book; Pictures

The White House Cook Book has long since been conceded one of the best of its kind published; reliable for its recipes, and the most complete reference book the housewife can have. A few here, in oil cloth binding, always sold at \$1.25, but because of fewness, Monday and week-87c.

Medallion pictures on wood mountings, suitable subjects for Easter among them; originally 60c and 65c, not many. Menday, and while they last-

Boys' 35c Waists-25c.

Shirt waists and blouses. Made of percale-red, blue, gray, in figure and strip patterns; also some plain colors. Mother Friend bands on all waists, pocket in front, pearl buttons, attached collars; sizes 4 to 12 years. Instead of 35c-25c.

Boys' 75c and \$1 Shirts-39c.

Only a little bunch—a miscellaneous gathering of several different lines; percales and madras, light and dark colors, soft and stiff bosom shirts, in sizes 13, 131/2 and 14 only. Formerly 75c and \$1. Clearance price—39c.

A Mountaineer's Witticism.

Two clergymen took possession of the Amen corner at the Fifth Avenue hotel during the absence of the politicians at Albany and fell to relating anecdotes of the cloth.

the cloth.

"Bishop Coleman of Delaward has some odd experiences in the course of his annual outings," said one. "You know every summer he dons old clothes and tramps through the mountains of West Virginia. "One day last summer, covered with dust and appearing like a venerable trainp, the bishop entered an involved several mountains to the bishop entered and in where several mountainers were drawn and inn where several mountaineers were drawn up 'Come, join us,' called out one of the men, hos-

"'Come, join us,' called out one of the men, hospitably.
"No. thank you,' said the bishop, courteously.
"The fact is I do not drink,"
"Do you eat hay? retorted the West Virginian, nettled at the bishop's refusal.
"'No,' was the bland reply," "Then I say,' drawied the mountaineer, looking to the others to see the effect of his witticism, 'then I say that you're not fit company for man or beast,'"